

THE CAMPUS MIRROR

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No. 4



THE ICE STORM—Here lies the cork bark elm that used to stand guard in front of Rockefeller Hall—Not much of a monument inscription, perhaps, but it certainly describes our feelings as we “view the remains” of our once beautiful trees. The black branches in forlorn heaps on the lawn, the white sore where branches were torn ruthlessly off by tons of frozen rain, the tree trunks left bare without branches, all symbolize our memory of the danger and destruction of the ice storm.

Doctor Toyohiko Kagawa

Doctor Toyohiko Kagawa, of Japan, an outstanding religious personality, was guest speaker in the Sunday Vesper Service, January 5, 1936.

Doctor Kagawa, said President Hope in his introduction, is one of the greatest living Christian leaders. He attended college in Tokyo, theological school in Kobe, Japan, and Princeton University in this country. He spent fourteen years in social work in a slum section of Kobe, Japan. He has been active in bettering social and economic conditions for the Japanese. Doctor Kagawa has written about fifty books which have been sold in the United States and Japan. He is a prominent leader in the Japanese Labor, and also the Japanese Peasant, Movements. Recently he was appointed to the Imperial Economic Commission of Japan. Through his efforts, the Japanese government has appropriated two million dollars for a slum clearance program in six large cities of Japan.

Doctor Kagawa began his speech with the statement that there have been four great wise men in the world: Buddha, Socrates, Confucius, and Christ. He gave a vivid sketch of the high points in the lives of three of these, omitting Socrates. Buddha was born in India about twenty-five cen-

turies ago, and two years ago commemoration of his life was made in China. Buddha, when twenty-nine years of age, renounced all worldly petitions. More than fifty years of his life were spent in preaching his gospel. The following incident illustrates the sincerity of his religion. A blacksmith, whose guest Buddha was, served him some bad meat which resulted in the death of Buddha; but Buddha, in his dying moments, told his disciples not to accuse the blacksmith but to respect him because his will had been good.

Confucius was born in Shantung, China, and lived a long life. At the age of forty-two he was made Minister of Justice. The king of his locality, not liking Confucius because he was just, wished to have him killed, so Confucius had to flee to another part of China. Confucius' belief was that charity is the best policy to use in ruling any people. Buddhism is a good religion, teaching that there is an eternal being, while Confucianism teaches political ethics.

Jesus, born in Nazareth, lived a comparatively short life and spent of this short life cycle only one year in public preaching.

“Though Confucius taught his ethics for thirty years and Buddha spent fif-

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Poems

F. E. Bethea

Your brown throat holds
a mighty song
Which dusts of ages covered long.
You, wondering now how
it may sound,
Hold silent that which
would profound.
No longer hold that soldering thing,
Release that doubtful ghost
and sing! ! !

To stand upon a mound of earth and
see,
River and hill and stately branching
tree,
Where no white cloud obliterates the
blue,
And keeps my flexuous thoughts from
passing through.
To kindle on that mound a glowing
fire —
To stand and stand and stand is my
desire!

Mrs. E. P. Johnson

“Lord let me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for others.”

This verse seems a perfect expression of the spirit of Mrs. E. P. Johnson, a former student and a friend of Spelman students, who died on January 8, 1936, at her home in Atlanta.

The early years of Mrs. Johnson's training were in a country school in Dooly County, near Dillard, Georgia. Country schools were suffering then from a dearth of leaders; consequently when Mr. E. P. Johnson finished his school work, he went as a missionary into the Dillard section where he met and married Eliza C. Key, who became to him a helper and a true companion.

In 1886 Mrs. Johnson attended Atlanta University, but her husband, who was deeply impressed by the “new girls' school,” had her transfer to Spelman.

For a number of years Mrs. Johnson chaperoned the younger students of Spelman to town on Saturday mornings to aid them in their shopping, and in the afternoons she took the younger Atlanta University students. Her whole heart and interest went into whatever she did. During the rush at the opening and closing of the

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THE CAMPUS MIRROR

The Students' Own Publication

"SERVICE IN UNITY"

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Editorial

In a time like this when the very foundations of institutions long accepted and unquestioned are being shaken by doubt and disbelief; when comparatively new institutions founded upon hope, trust and confidence in the ultimate good of everyone are tottering on legs that have never become fully mature nor firmly planted in the thoughts and minds nor even in the political codes of the peoples; when nation again "lifts up sword against nation," and the aggressor goes apparently unpunished, is there any wonder that the average young person finds difficulty in making adjustments and in keeping his beliefs in ideals and supposedly proved truths? In fact, the person who still maintains unshaken faith in the good of "whatever is" in our institutions is the exception rather than the rule. Faith has come to mean to many of us what it did to the little boy who defined it as "believing in something that we know isn't really true." In answer to the thought-provoking question, "What is the safest attitude to take toward life"? a thoughtful and very intelligent young woman replied that we should hope for the best and expect the worst. An atheist who was studying theology said that he did it so that when and if he reached his final destination of hopeless damnation, he would have one consolation: he would have gone there with his eyes open. The general trend of this type of reasoning among thinking young people is not mere coincidence. In our personal associations, not to speak of

the histories of great nations, we find examples of broken promises, betrayed trusts, insincerity and the prostitution of noble ideals and principles to the satisfying of greed and base desires. Often one feels like paraphrasing the frequently quoted passage, and saying "God's in his heaven, all's wrong with the world."

But it is precisely at a time like this that true worth is determined, character strengthened and souls beautified. Nothing is more tragic, to my mind, than a soul hideously warped and a mind impaired and embittered by uncertainty, failure and adversity. Toyohiko Kagawa is living proof that this need not be so, if one has a philosophy simple enough to live by and big enough to allow others to live. If one's disbelief in some things depresses and destroys, then one should concentrate on what he does believe (I do not think one has to believe in everything to be happy). I believe, for example, that there is a God; that inside of me He has deposited a spark which is and shall be forever free, one which no earthly force can completely crush and extinguish; that friendship is sacred, and friends loyal and true; that in spite of examples to the contrary there is a love that binds man to man and blesses; that there is some good in everyone.

As We Face a New Year

Instead of making a long list of New Year resolutions, which we would be sure to break, let us, as we face the New Year, carefully take stock of what we have, and decide what we will keep.

The year which lies ahead of us is as a darkened hall; we can not see what we shall meet with as we go through it; perhaps there are stones over which we would stumble, perhaps there are losses and sorrows; there may be hard problems to solve; there will be some pleasant travels, but there will also be some rough and very difficult ones.

The year that has just passed is as an opened book already read. We can review its pages, take out from them the worthwhile things of life, and say, "I will hold fast to these, but the others which have not gotten me anywhere, I will get rid of, so that I may have strength to make my travels easier, and by a surer course." We would hold fast to self reliance. To quote from Emerson's essay *Self-Reliance*: "To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men—that is genius."

Conviction, patience and faith we would have with us always—we would

The Library: Its Importance

Frankie B. Smith, '38

"Many times the reading of a book has made the future of a man."—Emerson.

Personalities and ideas are always the most productive and the most engaging resources of our college life. The Library plays an all important part in the construction of these two essentials.

William Lyon Phelps reminds us, "There are no friends like living, breathing corporeal men and women; my devotion to reading has never made me a recluse. How could it? Books are of the people, by the people, for the people."

It is true that we all have an affinity for personal friends and acquaintances but we cannot always be with them, possibly they are inaccessible at the time or they are busily engaged in other lines of duty; but in the Library you can enjoy the society of nobles, converse with Shakespeare, be an intimate of Longfellow, and become a part of Poe, Hughes, DuBois or Tennyson. These men's lives have been devoted to us. By reading their works we openly express our appreciation of their devotion. Are we doing this?

Literature represents years of continuous preservation and compilation; it shows the thought and tendencies of by-gone days; it is an embodiment of our social heritage. On the basis of the experience and ideas of other generations we must shape our destinies.

Read! Read! Read!

Thanks

The staff appreciates the efforts of the Associate Editor-in-Chief which resulted in this issue of the Campus Mirror.

have faith to believe in our convictions and work with patience towards our goals. Certain other things which we would carry over are independence in thought, pleasure in good conversation, the spirit of thankfulness, and a love of the beautiful.

As we go into the New Year let us think of the old Chinese saying: "I have three precious things, which I hold fast and prize. The first is gentleness; the second, frugality; the third is humility, which keeps me from putting myself before others. Be gentle and you can be bold; be frugal and you can be liberal; avoid putting yourself before others and you can become a leader among men."

The Wanderer Muses

Beunice H. Raiford

Ah! My Moon, one year ago tonight I sat here on the hill under this self same bough. I gazed at you and you at me. And on my banjo I played a tune, for in my heart there was a song which I sang for you. But oh, Moon, much has transpired since then. I have traveled far and wide. I've stood upon the banks of the Euphrates and of the Nile. I've crossed the deserts of Africa and I've encountered the glaciers of the North Sea. I've looked down upon our city from the top of the Empire State building and I've beheld a lovely landscape as I sat calmly upon a stile of a far western cattle range. But here I am again on the top of the hill and under this bough alone with you tonight. From my pockets you no longer hear the jingle of coin nor the rattle of dice. And the brown which you see shining through my garments is none other than my flesh. Nor can I play to you a tune on my banjo for in my heart there is no song and the banjo itself I gave to a broker one day for the price of a loaf of bread. But it's good to be here with you tonight for you look kindly upon me in my poverty as well as in my prosperity, and in my sorrow as in my joy. Yea, with the same twitch of your mouth and the same twinkle in your eye. You smile on me just as you smiled on me a year ago tonight.

The Quest

Mabel Murphy, '37

I said goodbye, and went to search for love;
I thought I'd find it in some ancient place
Where molding ruin 'round me wove a spell
Of magic for some gallant lover's face;
I looked for love in travel far and wide;
I climbed a storied snow-fed mountain peak;
I walked along a crowded thoroughfare,
With faintest hope that I might hear him speak;
Then to the ocean shore I found my way,
Beside the waves to watch, and hope, and wait;
But once again my hopes were doomed to fail—
I found my happy dream condemned by fate,
So lonely I returned in my despair,
And reaching home, I found you waiting there.

The Three Tribes of Thieves

Lorraine Dixon, '36

According to the best system I can devise, thieves may be divided into three tribes: the kleptomaniacs, the temperate thieves and the super-moderate thieves. I believe that to these three groups the inculpations of all the dishonesties of society may be imputed. Whether they be intelligent thieves or ignorant thieves, rich thieves or poor thieves—all may well be placed in some nook of this abnoxious tribal grouping.

Usually a common characteristic of the more fortunate or rich thieves is their slovenly habits, and gaudy attire, put on in a slipshod manner. Even though their clothes are expensive, there is a lack of refinement in their dress and culture, and in their carriage. Oh, yes, their clothes are usually styles of the exclusive Macy's, but even so, the wearers have not the inkling of taste that leads one to put the fifth button in the fifth button hole instead of the fourth, where it rightly belongs.

Then too, there are infrequently members belonging to this group who are very poor. These less fortunate beings neither have the comforts of life nor many of the bare necessities. They do not enjoy the superfluous luxuries of the rich, yet a striking feature concerning both rich and poor kleptomaniacs is that insane propensity to steal. Many of us are guilty of this mania without having even a slight knowledge of its presence. We take precious moments from ourselves and waste them away, as if they were so many shavings of paper. In like manner we take moments of our companion's and do the same thing, while we chatter on and on saying nothing but that "Mary Rover's dress is just like Ellen's. Won't Ellen be mortified though?" "I certainly enjoyed the dance for I was the sensation of the evening, did I have fun!" They go on and on consuming time. Is not this deed enough to be given thought?

The super-moderate thieves are known by their sly deceitful habits. Why no, you could never guess by conversing with Mr. Smith that he is inaccurately handling the figures down at the bank so as to give Mrs. Smith the nineteen-thirty-six model Plymouth which she has been raving about for the last two months. This group is usually the hardest to label since the members are clever and intelligent, holding high positions, but living above their means. Nothing satisfies their longings to excel their friends. Probably they would continue to count their neighbor's wealth, even if their "rich unele's" fortune should rain

Sonnet

(Written after hearing the Dillard University Choir)

(From *Courtbouillon*, Dillard University Exchange)

Oh, blissful strains that purge a blackened soul,
Oh, Sound Divine that quickens life anew.
All shattered hopes Thou cans't again make whole
All troubled breasts, Thy soothing touch subdue.
In Thee, where hidden burns life's sacred fire,
Lies treasured all in life there is to seek.
Thy voice, like soul-tears plucked from Orpheus' lyre
Brings peace of which no mortal tongue can speak.
Nothing Thou art, and yet all in Thee lies.
Silent too soon, and yet Thou sound-eth still
In souls of men where beauty never dies,
In hearts where nought the joy of life can kill.
Eternal Sound, Thou Everlasting King,
Teach us the peace that Thou alone cans't bring.

down upon them in torrents.

A discernable characteristic of the third group is their superior intellect coupled with their ignorance of the great crimes which they innocently commit. Who can tell from Johnnie's outward behaviour that the teacher failed to give him a well-planned lesson, but danced all evening the night before, thus failing to give Johnnie a point in mathematics, which will result in his dismissal from an excellent job at Rankin's Firm in years to come.

Mothers and fathers who spoil children by failing to give them the real facts of life necessary to real progress and who cramp children's trends toward individuality and originality, radicals who spread propaganda which acts as a mantle or cloak for truth, hold also a unique position in this odious organization.

I dare not leave out individuals who violate that "modern" commandment of passiveness, lest I feel my task only half way performed. Being a passive thief doesn't necessarily mean that one is not a thief, the same being true of passiveness to theft. We should all cultivate an interest in theft whether we consider ourselves as members or not of their great tribal organization, for our mere passiveness in itself denotes slight tendency in us to steal from ourselves precious moments which might be used to great advantage in increasing our power to think.

Morphia

Anita Lain, '36

Maybe God had His eye on the fast-disappearing kerosene lamp or maybe on the candle manufacturers—at any rate the Christmas irregularity was one of the most humanly disgusting things Atlanta has undergone since the big fire in the second decade of the century: chaotic darkness where the merest flicker of a light took on huge significance—the supply of old fashioned candles and lamps unable to meet the demand—treacherous trees bending, bowing and breaking at the very command of nature—and man—ugh! what a feeble attempt he made . . . Homes that had flourished with light remained bizarre and forbodingly dark; under a blanket of ice, man stretched long unused muscles and cells to find that they had become quite useless. Candles flickered when doorbells were rung (half of which had been put out of commission and old fashioned knocking proved much more effective). Faces illuminated by shadows appeared, and sounds of voices were much more familiar than physical characteristics. Trees and wires played havoc with the city . . . What is man, after all?

Progress has made him soft, idle, and futile. He has bathed in the lap of luxury (a necessity to him now) so long that he has fooled himself into believing in his powers. He thinks he has conquered the world. He builds himself a dream castle around his obsession, based on a foundation of insulated wires and metal pipes. He loses himself in this maze of hodge-podge scientific invention and where does he find himself?

In all probability he doesn't find himself. It is so easy to relax his mind and press a button for the fulfillment of his slightest whim, while his Robots putter and patter and even attempt to think for him. Then nature, weary of her harness, stretches, and the smooth, oiled chains of her bridle pop like spun glass. Fuming animal man is! He flounders around—finds himself a bit of battered talow and wick, lights it and the wind laughs at him in his sport—Yet he goes on thinking that mastery is merely an upward climb, and he has mistaken a landing for the apex.

But, don't let us discourage you. What, then, you say, is the use of progress? Why go on with something that gets you nowhere? And then you have your answer: progress is life. It varies for competition—competition calls forth alertness—alertness demands appreciation of even the most minute things; and man, equipped with

a brain, must think; else how differs he from the other animals to whom he prefers to remain so superior? We merely argue that it is a temporary state of affairs. Of course, you may take the negative and insist that the deluge of ice and darkness was rather the temporary state of affairs. It might console your vanity but we, having none, are not looking for any consolation. We insist that before man reaches to pat himself on the back, he should—most wisely, look around for assurance that nature is not just ready to yank his feet from beneath him without a semblance of a warning.

Pray, don't mind us. Go ahead with your little progress. We, like you, live in it—enjoy it—become idle and useless also. But still we are prideless enough on this dawn of a New Year to suggest that when you ring in the new—you won't entirely forsake the old. It was a very poetic thought when Tennyson wrote "Ring out the old—Ring in the new" but our prosaic intuitions and inhibitions make us say, Ring in the new, but keep a clutch on the old—you may have to resort to candles again sometime. If we have offended you, we are sorry. If we have been guilty of rambling, we apologize. We have been sorely hurt.

Ice Grips the Campus

Theodis Weston, '38

Atlanta experienced an ice storm that was incomparable to any in thirty years. After the snow had fallen Friday night, December 27, the rain on the following Saturday easily froze and produced sheets of ice over the ground and ice sheaths on every branch and twig of the trees, in fact on every exposed surface. The telephone and electric wires were all swayed by the weight of the very orderly fringe of icicles. Some broke under the weight and a number of the telephones on the campus were out of commission.

Many homes, schools and places of business in Atlanta were without lights for days and were compelled to use candles for lighting purposes, but because Spelman has her own light plant with underground wiring, the Spelman lights never went out; something for which all are thankful.

An unbearable scene it was—the once beautiful trees all broken, and others swinging to the ground because of the weight of the ice. Although the damage was great, it was exciting to a number who had never seen the like. Many found the danger exciting—"Have you fallen yet?" became the question of the icy days.

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National Youth Administration Gets Under Way

The National Youth Administration, which is sending several students to Spelman College this year, has started an interesting program on the college campus. N. Y. A. students are supplied with blank questionnaires with which to investigate the earning power of the students.

Many students, when bombarded with questionnaires seeking information on what their parents earned, how much they themselves had worked, the age of everyone in their family, and similar questions, were filled with righteous indignation, even though the questionnaires were, it seems, kept in confidence.

It seems a far-fetched way for students to earn their monthly allowance, but it should be an interesting experiment.

At any rate, the investigators will know what students have earned, even though I do not see how it can measure the earning power of students, since many who could earn have not tried.

Mrs E. P. Johnson

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As Mrs. Johnson grew in years, she watched the progress of "her schools" with the interest and tenderness of a parent over an only child.

Her life and its influence reached further than the colleges and schools, for Mrs. Johnson was a lover of Sunday School and every Sunday morning found her at her post, teaching little children the ways of Christ. Whatever need came to hand was interpreted as the Lord's call, and every day was packed with good deeds. It is memories of such spirits as Mrs. Johnson's that students live by.

school year, Mrs. Johnson would spend whole days at the station meeting students or seeing them off.

Doctor Toyohiko Kagawa

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ty years spreading his gospel of renunciation, neither accomplished what Christ was able to do in one brief year of his ministry in which he overturned the world."

Buddahism does not give love and neither does Confucianism, but Christianity does—this is manifested in Jesus' teachings and life principles. We need that love today. Although we sometimes think that wealth is a means to an end, yet wealth means nothing but a struggle for life. Redeeming love is the essence of Jesus' principles and we need it.

The Christmas Carol Concert

Grace E. Days, '39

In the Spelman-Morehouse Christmas Carol Concert on December 19 the true atmosphere of yuletide was brought to the audience by the manner in which the already beautiful Sisters Chapel was decorated with sprigs and branches of pine and holly along the windows and covering the cross-like structure used as a background for the platform. Upon these structures were candles which were lit while the organ prelude, *The Shepherd's Song*, by Guilmant, was being played and they emitted a soft glow effective throughout the concert.

The old French carol, *O Come, O Come Emmanuel* was used to advantage as music for the picturesque procession of the chorus—girls in white, men in dark. The briskness and the clarity of tone of *The First Noel*, our old traditional English melody, prepared the audience for the appreciative reception of the ensuing numbers. *The Joy Carol of the Birds*, which is of French origin was followed by a St. Helena Island Negro spiritual, *Mary Had De Leetle Baby*, characterized by beautiful harmony and plaintiveness.

The fifteenth century French carol, *Joseph Dearest, Joseph Mild*, by the Spelman College Quartet was accompanied by violin music, creating a very pleasing effect.

The seventh number, *On That Most Blessed Night*, a Neapolitan Bagpiper's carol, was noted for its prettiness of melody and adept execution while the next number, *Infant so Gentle*, by Gascon, in which Harriet Mayle sang the solo part, was characterized by a quality of sweetness.

The Morehouse College Quartet appeared then with a Negro spiritual, *Po' Little Jesus*, which was ably presented and was appealing with a note of melancholy to be found in most Negro spirituals.

The Spelman College Glee Club then gave a group of three Polish numbers: *When the Savior Christ is Born, Hark! in the Darkness*, and *Hark! Bethlehem*, which were well rendered under the direction of Mr. James.

The chorus appeared once more to present one of the most beautiful of all Christmas carols, the German *Stille Nacht*. The rendition of this number was marked with a deep veneration which pervaded the audience to produce an atmosphere of reverence not frequently obtained.

The March of the Magi Kings, by DuBois, as played by Mr. Harreld on the organ, portrayed a musical picture of the three Wise Men—the tread of their camels' feet, the Star of Bethlehem which they followed, and, if one's

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Zeit Geist

One of the things that makes morning chapel "simply too good to miss" for some of us, and tolerable, even, to those of us who ordinarily rebel most, is an informal, friendly, and informative chat such as the one we listened to on the morning of January 10, when Mr. Jenkins of the Spelman College English Department was the speaker for chapel exercises.

However pathetic and cowardly we may feel those nations to be, who allow demagogues to trick them into paths into which, by individual exercise of reason, the vast majority of the nation would not go, they but represent on a great scale what most of us do as members of groups at one time or another. In fact, it seems to be the *zeit geist*—a spirit of the age. Of course, it takes no giant of intellect and philosophy to enumerate a few causes for this. It is mankind's method of trying to find a short cut to such desired ends as economic security, wealth, fame or whatever else his ambitions may be, with the minimum of mental or physical exertion. If someone else has it all worked out for one (as these demagogues always have), why bother to tax one's brains and reason needlessly? This is the question the followers ask either by word or action; and of course the inevitable answer is, "There is no need," and thereby one immediately releases himself from all personal responsibility for future development—a state of supreme comfort and satisfaction (so they think).

Amusing examples of this same *zeit geist* may be found in abundance in the various walks of life, and a surprisingly large number in American colleges. In this connection Mr. Jenkins cited four of the pet superstitions of students of Eastern colleges which help them, or release them from unpleasant responsibilities. (1) If one will carry seven pennies in the left pocket, he can pass any kind of examination. (2) If one will get under the bed and eat an orange, the longed for money from home will immediately arrive. (3) One should never read an American Mercury without first seeing to it that the backs are torn off; otherwise it is bad luck. (4) Upon finding that one has left something in his room that he meant to bring, he must sit down and count seven before returning for it.

Upon making a careful check, who is there among us who does not have some such half-playful, half-serious beliefs?

Luck Is Pluck

Haloise Walker, '38

The students of Spelman are always happy when Miss Norwood presents a chapel talk. The essence of a very recent one was quite appropriate on the advent of this New Year.

In an informal manner, she touched upon the highlights of Joan Crawford's real life. In this sketch, to the surprise of many who did not know the stepping stones in Miss Crawford's life which have led to her fame, Miss Norwood pointed out the difficult process through which Miss Crawford has developed into the eminent star she is today.

The particular point developed centered around a statement made by one of Miss Crawford's friends who once said, "Some people have all the luck." At this Miss Norwood paused to consider just what luck might mean. She concluded by a most practical philosophy in asserting that luck is pluck. By pluck we are to understand that it calls forth courage, ambition, grit, and fidelity to ourselves as individuals and courage to push forward and obtain the best use of our powers in whatever place we may attain.

How often do we stand idle, pitying ourselves because we do not seem to be endowed with all of the good fortunes of fate. Yet, if the time spent in humoring ourselves was devoted to finding out what natural talents we have and using them well; who knows how much better a place each of us could make our world. We frequently point out certain personalities with envy because they have reached the best heights in life and more often covet their success, thinking that God has graced them with innumerable favors; but, on the other hand, if we only knew what sacrifices were made, what hardships were endured, and what disappointments were suffered in the making of their success, we would understand that luck is not luck in the old sense of the word, but luck is pluck and grit, the qualities which enable us to rise above ourselves and attain the best goals in life.

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New String Quartet Formed At Spelman and Morehouse

A string quartet, made up of students and faculty members of Spelman and Morehouse Colleges, made its first appearance before the student bodies of these colleges this week in a brief program of chamber music under the direction of Professor Kemper Harreld, who plays first violin. Other members of the new musical organization are Mr. Willis Laurence James, second violin; Richard B. Durant, a junior in Morehouse College, viola; and Geraldine Ward, a freshman in Spelman College, 'cello.

The organization of a string quartet, which is regarded as the most exquisite of all musical forms and for which much of the finest music has been written, has long been Professor Harreld's ambition. This has been made possible this year by the coming to Morehouse College of Mr. Durant, who has studied the viola for the past two years at the Juillard Institute of Musical Art of New York City, and the enrollment at Spelman College of Miss Ward, who is an accomplished student of the violincello.

In its first chapel appearance at Spelman and Morehouse Colleges, the ensemble played the first movement of the Quartet in F (American Quartet) by Anton Dvorak, a composition that contains Negro thematic material similar to that used in his famous "New World" Symphony, which was followed by "Canzonetta" by Mendelssohn and "Sorrow Song," a Negro melody by J. E. Stewart. As an encore the quartet played Tchaikowsky's melodious "Andante Cantabile."

Never before has the University system itself been able to present such a finished group of musicians. We should be proud for anyone to hear our string quartet, and they shall have the opportunity to be heard on their proposed concert tour in the early spring.

A Most Interesting Night

Virginia L. Bronson, '39

With chuckles of delight and broad smiles, a group of about twenty-five Spelman young ladies climbed into the buses of Spelman and Atlanta University on December 26, 1935, for a ride into the city of Atlanta. This planned ride was offered to all students of Spelman College for the purpose of seeing and enjoying the many beautifully lighted Christmas trees of the city.

As we were told to dress warmly and to wrap ourselves in blankets for this trip, many girls brought with them hot water bottles which we all used to keep us warm. Different colored blankets were seen all over the buses, and even the crackling of newspaper could be heard as some of us changed our positions (newspaper was used under our sweaters to keep out cold.)

We traveled over many streets, seeing many Christmas trees lighted with attractive bulbs. On some of the streets in the residential section of the city, we saw gaily colored bulbs artistically arranged to form different objects.

We sang songs, laughed, and talked; we were so happy. The cold wind whipped into our faces and smarted our eyes, but to us it was merely something to make our ride more memorable.

Just before the driver turned the bus to bring us on the campus, he carried us to a place where several people were standing gazing in awe at some objects. Several cars were parked nearby. Naturally we were curious to know just what they were staring at so intently. When we reached the spot we saw that it was the representation of the birth of Christ, shown in objects: Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and the manger. There were also the wise men, shepherds and the bright eastern star. Softly, ever so softly, we heard sweet music that seemed to come from nowhere. All of this scene was, and is, etched indelibly in my memory and will forever be cherished as one of my most precious experiences.

All of us (I think) were a bit awed by this lifelike presentation, and came happily back to the campus to remember and to refer to that night as one of the most interesting nights during the Christmas time.

Carol Singing On The Campus

Mayme E. Martin, '37

The night before Christmas, a group of snugly clad students from Morgan, Morehouse and Packard Halls, who were going to spend their holiday vacation on the campus, proceeded to Rockefeller Hall where they received lighted candles and song-books for the Campus Carol singing.

The group marched to the beautifully lighted Christmas tree located in front of Sisters Chapel. There they began singing songs of praise to the Babe that was born in Bethlehem, whose one thousand nine hundred and thirty-fifth birthday the whole of Christendom was about to celebrate.

The singing around the tree included: "The First Noel," "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," "Joy to the World," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," and "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

As the group continued its march, "Silent Night," was sung in front of Reynolds Cottage, the home of President Read; then it proceeded by Rockefeller Hall to Morehouse Hall singing the spirituals, "Mary Had a Little Baby," and "The Glory Manger."

After lingering awhile and singing other carols the group went to Upton Home via Packard and Morgan Halls as they sang, "Joy to the World," "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," and "Silent Night."

About this time everybody was feeling the stings of old man Winter; thus, after delighting the campus dwellers for an hour or more with the spirit of Christmas, with "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men"—this group ended its mirth making with "Jingle Bells" and put up their candles and song books.

Several times through the night other carolers came on the campus singing, tarried at our lighted tree and went away still singing as they went.

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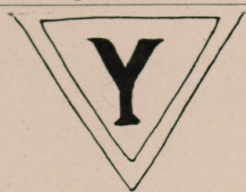
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At The Sign Of The Blue



The Young Women's Christian Association had its pre-Christmas meeting in the fireplace dining room in Morgan Hall, Sunday evening, December 15. The meeting was prepared and conducted by the Christian World Education Committee with Eloise Usher as chairman. The setting was both lovely and impressive. Vari-colored rugs and pillows were scattered over the floor and served as seats for those who attended the meeting. The room was lighted by the soft glow of candles and fire from the grand open fireplace. The atmosphere was further created by the singing of carols by the group and the college quartet. The core of the meeting was the very spirited story of Christmas in old New England, presented by Miss MacDowell.

At the close of the meeting Christmas candies and nuts were passed while Theodis Weston played soft music.

Due to the intense cold, the proposed camp-fire was postponed. To our utter disappointment, the weather continues to prevent this evening of excitement and fun, but cheer up, we still have that for the future.

Very soon the dates and programs for summer conferences will be available. Let us think about conference and plan to meet our friends there.

Special to all "Y" members: As the end of the semester draws near we are reminded of unpaid dues. Let us concentrate upon the paying of first semester pledges and consider seriously the payment of the new semester dues.

The M. H. A.

The M. H. A. stands for the Morgan Hall Association, under which the girls in this hall have banded themselves for a better housing project. The honor of this particular piece of work goes to Miss Wagg who first presented the idea. All of the Morgan Hall girls are proud of this project and pledge their whole-hearted support.

Beginning Saturday, January 11, 1936, food sales, including the selling of hot dogs, cold drinks, hamburgers and ice cream have been held. The purpose of these food sales is to provide funds for the association. When adequate funds are accumulated, then the real purpose of the project which is intended to prove a surprise to all, will be unfolded.

Home Economics Club

As has been customary for several years, the Home Economics Club held its annual Christmas party and combined meeting on Friday before the Christmas holidays.

The Junior Class Home Economics majors were hostesses as well as entertainers for this meeting. As one entered the living room, he immediately saw the beautiful and artistically decorated Christmas tree. The use of Christmas tree lights alone for lighting seemed to lend a quite cozy and homelike atmosphere to the room and the occasion. After a brief discussion of business matters, Christmas carols were sung. Following this, various members of the Junior Class exhibited woolen coats and suits which they had made in Clothing. The guests were then ushered into the candle lighted dining room where a most unique and attractively arranged tea table was awaiting them. Dainty, toothsome cakes, cookies, tea, and candies made a delightful finale to a most enjoyable evening.

Cornelia Wallace, President.
Mary E. Adams, Reporter.

Ice Grips the Campus

(Continued from Page 4)

The sun tried its best to pierce through the clouds on Monday, December 30, but failed; however, on Tuesday, as the ice sparkled in the sun, the glitter was that of precious stones—a beautiful scene it was.

Nature is wonderful, and through its powerful forces, relief came with a constant rainfall during Thursday, January 2. It was hard to realize just what had caused the calamity, for the sun shone again, and all the ice was gone.

It is the hope and prayer of every one that spring will spur up the growth and repair of our damaged trees and shrubbery.

Holiday Social

The main holiday social announced for Friday night, December 27, in Morgan Hall for all the girls on the campus and their friends from Morehouse brought a large attendance. Games and talk were the means of entertainment. Delicious coffee and doughnuts were served.

Bright Teacher: "What was the doctrine of the prophet Amos?"

Wise Student: "He preached share-the-wealth doctrine."

Teacher: "That wasn't Amos, that was Huey Long."

A Series of Holiday Merry-Makings

Christmas Eve night was an exciting one indeed for the girls who live in Morgan Hall. At eleven o'clock they all entered the living room at the left end of which stood a beautifully decorated tree. Under it, on an elevated stand, covered with imitation snow, were joke presents for every member of the Morgan family. An entertaining feature of the party was the distribution of the presents by Santa Claus who had sat guarding the tree. Attractive jelly cracker sandwiches were served in abundance. Part of the entertainment was Christmas music heard over the radio.

Saturday evening, December 28, an informal picnic supper for faculty and students was served in the fire place dining room. Teachers and all sat down together—on the floor.

After dinner Friday night, December 27, the dining hall girls tarried to enjoy their Christmas tree with Miss Branham and Miss Yoemans as hostesses. Ice cream, decorated cup cakes, coffee, and oranges were served, and gifts distributed. The retiring "Sisters o' the Skillet" initiated the new ones with impressive ceremonies.

The Christmas Carol Concert

(Continued from Page 5)

Imagination were active, the experiences they might have encountered on their journey and the play of their thoughts as they traveled towards their goal.

An old French carol, *The Miracle of Saint Nicholas*, with a mixed trio, followed, having next *Jesu! Thou Dear Babe Divine*, a traditional cradle song from Hayti.

The Morehouse College Glee Club presented a group of three numbers, the first an English carol, *Christ is Born of Maiden Fair*, two Negro spirituals, *Rise Up Shepherd and Follow*, and *Glory to That New-Born King*, both beautiful in execution and melody.

De Glory Manger, a Negro jubilee arranged for the chorus by Mr. James, and in which Mrs. Naomah Maise took the solo part, was one of the highlights of the program and duly appreciated by the audience.

The audience joined with the chorus in singing the Negro jubilee, *Go Tell it on the Mountain* and the recessional, *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing*, by Mendelssohn. This marked the end of another carol concert which is eagerly looked forward to each year by lovers of music in the city and in the various colleges of the city and which always leaves a sense of satisfactory enjoyment to its numerous hearers.

Have You Heard—

that two bodies still cannot occupy the same space at the same time—namely, H. C. J. and “Stubby” J. in Morehouse North?—Ask C. L.

that the twins, F. E. B. and B. H. R., didn't dress alike for once? Ask F. E. B. why B. H. R. wore green on a certain day.

that B. V. J. and L. B. are becoming friendlier due to a common sorrow—“Misery likes company.”

that A. E. L. is getting more competition every day from all sides, suspected and unsuspected? (Don't worry A. E. L. you'll win out in the end.)

that our campus beauty, M. G., will soon go blind blinking?

that C. G. is interested in becoming a nurse—at least to a certain patient? She takes her off hours in the show with non-patients.

that J. C. has been wearing dark glasses for a few days? Wonder if nurse G. can help out?

that A. M. G. is reducing—one lap around the campus.

that the string quartet played in chapel but the most appreciative person was not in the audience—home with a swollen jaw. What happened R. D.?

that V. T. T. T. has made up his mind, it's B. T. T. Did he toss a coin or ask F. E. B., E. M., M. A., etc.? (space limited). This is leap year, girls, you'd better apply early because he seems to be settling down.

that E. M. J. keeps them fooled? You'd better watch out, we are getting warm.

that “Sunshine” L. D. seems to be spreading her rays in the Periodical room?

that “Deep Devotions” picture has mysteriously disappeared from E. B.'s room? What's the matter, E. B.?

that the “Juba Dance” appeals to one's lowest instincts?

that upon entering Morehouse North one must expose his credentials?

that W. W. takes “Pluto” in large doses?

of the “budding romances”—L. B. and J. H.; F. W. and D. B.; “Punjab” and C. S.; H. W. and “Pete”; C. D. and W. B.; J. C. and C. L.? (It's June in January.)

that the external triangles are very interesting—F. B., “Caesar” N. and “Scully” W.; J. D. N. H. and M. M.; “Stubby” J., B. T. and V. S.; C. D., W. B., and E. W.?

Sophomore (looking through a copy of *Hamlet*): “This doesn't look like the *Hamlet* I read; this is the *Prince of Denmark*.”

Contrast

Mabel Murphy, '37
Her hands are soft,
And small, and white;
They carry diamond
Rings tonight . . .
Your hands are rough
With toil they bore,
But their big hardness
I adore.

RAIN

Sky,
Why will you weep?
Are you sad because the heavy clouds
Hide the blue of your
Face?

RECOLLECTION

My mother says I used to look
Just like a picture from a book
With starched dresses ruffled wide—
(But how they used to prick inside!)

Some people are born dumb, others
acquire dumbness and others take their
overcoats off when they are getting
weighed and hold them on their arms.

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Cake, Coffee and Nuts

At the regular staff meeting of the Campus Mirror, held just after the lunch hour on December 20, the members were a bit surprised, upon entering the room, to see indications of refreshments. After a few minutes, coconut cake and coffee, with cream, were served and each one helped herself to nuts. When the merrymaking was over, the Editor-in-Chief outlined the procedure of the year's work and plans for the next semester's work were discussed.

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